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Original Poetry.

THE SEA.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY LYRICS.

I love the sea, the dash like sea,
That dashes on our stormy shore,
With rumbling billows, wild, and free,
And ever the brightly sparkling spray;
For I can smile upon the gale
That rages o'er the roused wave,
And sleep serene when winds assail
The waters that my vessel have.

I love to pitch on the deep,
To ride the forms of my home,
And feel the foaming ripples leap
Around my body as they flow.

I love to float in earlier style,
And shelter the brightly sparkling spray;
To revel in the floods that pour
Their liquid streams across my way.

I love to gaze when silent night
Comes down upon Old Ocean's breast;
When moon, and stars, with gentle light,
Reflected on its surface rest.

I love to sail on the morning break,
Its beams of rosy light to shed,
And catch the sunbeam as they wake
To reveal o'er that glassy bed.

I love to stand when tempests lash
Their fury round our noble bark,
And see the lightnings as they flash
Their arrowy brilliance thro' the dark
The wildest hours are peace to me
While on the quivering deck I stand:
I know the dangers that I see,
Are governed by my Father's hand.

WHAT IS LIFE?

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY SAMUEL C. OLIVER.

We know that life is but a passing stream,
An restless pilgrimage, a watching hour;
Hearing within its deep and restless tide
The stars of night, the tide from the mountain side
Commingling with the turbid waters below,
Like laughter of hope with those of sorrow.

We know that life is but a passing breeze,
Which comes awhile amidst the forest trees
Or shakes the perfume from the gentle flower;
And scatters it abroad on nature's dower;
Which flies in thrilling tones across a grave—
A sound of woe—that requiem is its own.

We know that life is but a fitful dream,
Full of bright hopes it never can realize;
Unfortunate, too, to drip up tears of sorrow,
Borrowed again upon the coming morrow—
Pain, and the sad, the aching heart to wound,
No more to dream, or to illumine wake.

Original Novel.

THE CRUIZE OF THE GREYHOUND.

A Legend of Newport.

CONTINUED.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY THE AUTHOR OF "PAUL JONES," "THE ROVER," &c., &c.

"But to day.
With the strange wayfarers of human thought.
A story has come back to me, which I
Had long forgotten."—Willis.

CHAPTER III.

"Who are a white sail on a dusky sea,
When half the heaven's clouded and half free,
Whearing heaviness on their wings of light."—
The Island.

"How gloriously her gallant course goes on!
Her white wings flying."—*The Corsair.*

Soon on the broad Atlantic! A noble ship was cruising that morning, with all sails crowded, and her decks were crowded with adventurous hearts, eager to make good their enterprise and return home with honor and wealth. A fair wind bound. Among those was out here. He had united as one of the mates of the trader, besides having a venture in the cargo on here, and as he looked up at the broad sails distended with the favorable breeze, his heart beat high with hopes of a successful voyage, and the prospect of uniting himself to Mary on his return.

"A sail!" sang out a look-out, lazily, from the forecastle.

The eyes of the twenty idlers on deck were instantly ranging the horizon, and a dozen fingers at once pointed to the object far in the distance, looking like the wing of a gull or a cord of foam on a breaker, which their experienced vision could be the stranger.

It was soon evident that the vessel in sight was approaching our trader, for the latter had not yet on the starboard tack. Her sight was a welcome one, for they had now been three weeks at sea, and in that time had met with but one ship. Besides, she was evidently from Europe, and would bring them information which would be of service to them in securing a market.

Down she came, like a glorious thing as she was, her hull, lower yards, and sometimes her top-gallant sails only visible, and then her new rising slowly up with the wave, which immediately after sank, sinking away beneath, left the fine part of the vessel high in the air, the bright copper glistening in the sunshine as low as the keel, while the brine dripped glittering from the stays. Then, another for a moment, with a pitch, she would plunge headlong down, and again disappear, only her upper yards being visible from the deck, a mountainous billow that heaved itself slowly up between her and the trader.

At length the two ships drew near to each other, and hove to, the captain of the English ship signifying his intention to come on board; but in those days unprofessional were less expeditious than now, and when a master met an old acquaintance at sea, as in this case, he did not hesitate to freight his voyage an hour or two, in order to spend that time sociably with a his friend over a glass of wine.

The captain of the stranger, a bluff, hearty, but rough looking Englishman, was soon on board; and, following the captain of the trader to the latter's cabin, the two worthies were immediately deep in the relative state of the markets in Europe and America, the rumors of the approaching Spanish war, and the other subjects of the day. Then they passed to reminiscences of former times, when they had been sailed as boys on board the same ship; and mutual anecdotes of their then roving lives succeeded, filled up the time, until nearly an hour had passed, the length the English master said,

"By the bye, there are two items of news I had forgot. The first is going to send out a force to capture, if possible, the daring buccaneer who has infested the West Indies these two years, and who of late has been seen off the south end of Cape Ann. They say he once stopped at Nantucket. Some Kidd's time, these fellows have been quiet for many years, and it is about thirty years ago, at that time being but a boy of fourteen years."

The English captain's eyes glistened, and he gave a quick glance at his host, for these particulars corroborated exactly with those he had heard of the brother of the deceased earl.

"And do you know nothing of your father's family?"

"Nothing except the general impression left on my mind from conversations on the subject between him and my mother, which I sometimes heard in boyhood. From those I believe him to have been of good birth, and I know that he left home on account of some difficulty, and that he would never have any communication with his relatives afterwards."

"But he did—tell me what part of the country he came from?"

"No. He died when I was quite a child, and I have only a faint memory of what I have told you. I never cared much for inquiring after my ancestors, for I take it that most men's are alike, some very honest, and others great rogues. We, of the providence, ask what a man is, and not who his grandfather was."

Our hero, in this speaking, only gave utterance to the sentiments of the great body of the Americans. This feeling of his for ever at that day the mass of the population was essentially republican in its opinions; though the other classes could not but commend any of the mother country, and plead for the distinctions of rank unknown in the simpler provinces, at least in those of the north, where the democratic tendencies of the people were the strongest.

This is a spite you are not more correctly informed," said the English captain, not replying to this sentiment, the propriety of which he seemed to doubt, but to assume a matter of great curiosity to him to prove your assertion. "Have you ever been within your stock if you can show yourself to be the eldest son of John de Courcy, and grandson of Geoffrey de Courcy?"

"John de Courcy was certainly my father's name," said our hero, "and now I think of it, I have a Bible at home, in which my late father's and mother's names are entered, with the parent of each, and the date of their birth.

"Can it be done, and you not have heard my objection? I have there a full account of this whole matter, which I am carrying out to the province, in order that steps may be made for the heir. We will compare the dates and place of birth, and I hope our enquiries may result in establishing your claims to the great heritage."

Our hero left the cabin to procure his Bible, in a state of bewilderment indescribable. The tone of confidence with which the master spoke, as well as certain vague remarks which he now remembered his father to have made, when he used to put his head and say he might live yet to be a great lord, but which he had heretofore attached no weight to, filled his mind with delicious hopes, all of which pointed to the speedy removal of the obstacles which stood between him and the possession of Mary. Almost out of his senses, he rushed for the book, and soon returned to the cabin, unheeded, to hear the precious book, and was already on deck as soon as the two captains. In a few minutes more these were on board of the English merchantman.

"Here it is," said the master, producing a written paper, from a bundle tied with red tape. "See it is labelled 'A true copy of the Register of the Parish of ——.' It states that on the 20th of December, 1800, was born Courcy, &c., &c., was born in that parish, in the year of our Lord sixteen hundred and ninety-six, in March, the day of the month being the twenty-first. Now let us see what your record says."

Our hero had not yet opened his book, but his heart beat when the year was mentioned, for he well remembered it was the date of his father's birth. He found the page, and the name of his grandfather, that of the parish, of the day of his birth. These might be found in other years from the captain's register, and if so, the romantic dream would be dissipated. He almost shrank from pursuing the enquiry, lest his bright hopes should be dashed to the earth. But he preferred the Bible and handed it to the English master, whose hand was extended to receive it.

"It is quite an old one," he said, as he unfolded the leaves and looked at the date of the oldest child of that same Robert Rowe, whose relation was pictured out to the readers of the book. "A few weeks ago I should have told you, remember, was one of those kind of men who are said to be their own worst enemies. Who was the worst enemy of his children? And who was the worst enemy of his children?

Poor little Lucy! Mary's the time when a neighbor's sister had been set upon by a drunken and eloquent little face betrayed her feelings, try as hard as she might to keep 'em down. Her cheeks nobly on the occasion—as they always take in all the circumstances of every body that is standing by before she speaks, and that is the very time many chances are—no wound, when nobody is intended to be hurt. Just so sure as man, woman or child mentioned Lucy, or thanked, or any thing like that, but her Lucy, just so sure her pale face would become scarlet in a minute, and then her eyes would drop to the ground, and she would look as ashamed, and so unhappy! It's a terrible thing, and I hope no child of yours or mine's ever got to know it. Well, so it was with the little one in astonished at the conduct of the very person that she has to love, because he is her parent.

And when Robert Rowe, in some of his fits of drunken fondness would pull poor little Lucy to his knee, her feelings were more those of disgusting appearance—how her very soul shrunk within her at the filthy act that he breathed from his mouth! You notice a repulsive object was her father—but even farther—and little Lucy struggled against her soul-sickness, and tried to have and respect, and not to despise him. And this was the most wicked thing that a poor child could be put to—whose opinions ought to have been the guide of her judgment! Other children could say, when a father caressed them, "I love you! I am right—for father says so!" Lucy tried that once—and even the kind answer for confirmation, but the words stuck in her throat, and one of the rudest blurted out—"Ever father, indeed!"

"Yes," says Lucy, says she, "my father!"—for she sometimes forgot the full weight of her parent's degradation.

"Well—here he comes," said another, "we'll ask him what he thinks of it."

Lucy looked up. With eyes bloodshot and fiery, with a flushed face, covered with the grime and dust of the place where he had passed early slept of his last potations—with gait unsteady, and gesticulations—voice rough, bibbing, and attitudes ridiculous and meaningless—it was her father! The other children laughed, and Lucy wiliingly would be ashamed, with mal-ice, and from mere thoughtlessness, must cruel to each other, and little Lucy, children and all, must have a share. She walked briskly off—sobbing in mingled anger, grief and vexation. Her father shouted after her, and she heard him say, "Lucy! Lucy!" He caught up a stone to throw at her—but the children's screams brought him to consciousness of what he was about to do to his drunken plleasay, and he, with a drunkard's nimble wit, dropped the stone beside the fence, as if it had been more play with him, and with an idiot grin, passed on. Lucy heard a shout of laughter, and looking back, saw the children making merry with her father's infirmity—and throwing herself upon the ground, cried herself to sleep.

And she dreamed. She thought herself in a smiling flowery land, and that she walked in the pleasant paths of her father! She thought he was erect and comely, and that as she wandered secure and happy in his protection, all Englaand things kept out of their path. It seemed to her that a father's presence, and a father's love were guide and guard sufficient to keep off all evil. It is of such stuff that the dreams of the wretched are made of—for the very bliss which they know not when awake, is that which entombs in them in their visions. Fanny's heaven in dreams was a kind father—a powerful friend—a man commanding, and receiving respect and honor—and she was happy!

But the skies changed. The flowers became thistles, and tore her hands—and hideous shapes, and mocking and gibbering devils peeped out at every turn and at every corner. They crowded in her, and grin, and jabbed at her, and as she looked at their faces, when they came close to her, she thought that she knew them all. They were her own features, and so toothlefiows—but at the head of all was a bagpard face, with matted hair, and grizzled and fatty beard, and a pestilential breath, which seemed to sear and blight all that it fell upon. That demon—the chief of her tormentors—was her father.

She heard a hideous noise. A rumbling as of thunder—a rattle and riot as if the earth was shaken to pieces and falling together—a shouting of men and clattering of horse's hoofs—and also loving and yet dead, terror stricken at every noise—agonizing to fly, and not able to move. The great foot of a great monster was just ready to crush her.

"Well, I want to see him!" said cousin Abner Jones as he jumped out of his wagon, "here's this old horse of mine knows just as much as a man, any day. So, old White-face, so! so!" said he as he patted him on the neck, "you needn't rub over the child, if your master did art just like another Balaam!"

And the old horse stood still, but trembling, as if he knew what he had escaped doing. He worked his ears, and no doubt winked with his blind eye, as much as to say, "I told you so!" Abner stooped down, and taking up the child as he who had lain in the road, held up her face to the failing light. "Well, I declare," said he, "it's that drunken Bob Rowe's poor little daughter, Lucy! Lucy!" he cried to her. Lucy answered with an inarticulate scream of terror, and clung nervously to his arm with a shudder of mortal fear.

"Poor little soul!—poor little soul!" said Abner. "I dare say your father has been beating you within an inch of your life! Poor little soul!" Lucy only moaned and shivered. And Abner lifted her light from into his wagon. Old Whiteface, who had stood stock still, while they were stepping in and turned his head half round, as if watching the safety of the last load committed to his charge, now started off with an "all right!" expression in his ears, and Abner, as he hugged poor little Lucy to his breast, said, "What shall I do with her?

"Take me home," said Lucy, who had now awaked, and slipping from between his knees had seated herself beside him.

"Home! Your father been beating you, Lucy?"

"My father—oh no," said the child, earnestly.

"But he does treat you bad, Lucy?"

The child hung her head, and then said, faintly—"No sir."

They were at the door of Rowe's house Lucy stepped out of the wagon, and went in. Abner was no excuse dropper, but he didn't pick up the reins to start again, as quickly as he might have done—and he could on nothing during the long hoarse voice of Robert Rowe, as he scolded Lucy, for "playing, and idling, and loafing so long," and for not coming home sooner.

The poor child looked up deprecatingly to her father—but bitter previous experience had taught her better than to make a single word to him, and he, as if provoked at her very patience, made some unconnected and wordy declamations about how children should honor their parents! as if one could honor them. He talked of disobedient children, as if he had a right to obedience, and finding at last that he could provoke neither mother nor child to reply, took his shadow of a hat, and carried off his own contemptible person in a manner nightly haunts, leaving Lucy and her mother sitting together, in the faint light of some dying embers of a fire. No kind hand was with that drunkard over the threshhold of the home he was leaving, for kind words would have been answered with a "push!" or "pshaw!" and perhaps even with an oath, so not him the task—he had long since learned not to try it. And when Robert Rowe, in some of his fits of drunken fondness would pull poor little Lucy to his knee, her feelings were more those of disgusting appearance—how her very soul shrunk within her at the filthy act that he breathed from his mouth! You notice a repulsive object was her father—but even farther—and little Lucy struggled against her soul-sickness, and tried to have and respect, and not to despise him. And this was the most wicked thing that a poor child could be put to—whose opinions ought to have been the guide of her judgment! Other children could say, when a father caressed them, "I love you! I am right—for father says so!" Lucy tried that once—and even the kind answer for confirmation, but the words stuck in her throat, and one of the rudest blurted out—"Ever father, indeed!"

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A Riddle.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

Kind reader, if your mind's unfilled,
Your brains seem empty, void,
Oh, pity me, for I'm puzzled,
Within a narrow void.

And yet I've found both near and far,
I am with envy one.
To earth, the sea, and ev'ry star,
I throw out in the sun.

I'm at the bottom of the sea,
Upon its surface I glide.
I am to be found on ev'ry tree,
And on the mountain's side.

I'm with the lover, the lad and blind,
The living and the dead,
For I'm found by land to deal,
Within a dandy's head.

I'm hot and cold, I'm wet and dry,
Myself I envy most,
I'm small and large, I'm low and high,
And on fly like a dove.

You see me red, and green, and blue,
Or dark if in enemy white,
Brightly seen in the day time,
Or dark on cable night.

I'm long for me the poor home,
And wanton the refuge I find,
For me the stately gone, returns,
And leave me behind.

For me the lawyer pleads a cause,
He is at reason nonsey,
For me the doctor racks the brain,
And white makes black appear.

For me the doctor works, procures
His blessed wife for a day,
He now relieves, and now he cures,
Oh, pity, now he's idle.

The parent for me devotedly prays,
The soldier boldly fights,
The preacher for me ev'ry sunday,
The politician writes.

Come, reader, try and try again,
Discover my figure,
Come seek, you will not seek in vain,
And I'll tell you my name.—BEWILDER.

☞ The answer will appear next week.

Vernacular Tales.

LUCY ROWE'S DREAM.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY EZEKIEL JONES, ESQ., AUTHOR OF JONCE SMILEY; SURLY SAM SMITH; ROBERT ROWE'S RUINATION, &c.

Lucy Rowe was, when I first saw her, a fairhaired little thing—pretty, in spite of evidence that her father's patient care could not wholly prevent or efface—that all was not right at home. Her shoes were very neatly drawn up at the heels with a bit of old ribbon sewed on as to tie at the ankles—her stockings, clean as could be, had a stitch drawn out here and there, and a loose fit of the instep, which showed that they had been worn before they became her inheritance. Her shawl was somewhat fretted, and her bonnet, covered with a large cape, had the threadbare traces of many washings and rubbings in many storms. The artistic look in the general effect, you will child before her years in experience. It was easy to be seen that, young as she was, she had been taught how to feel in what way her body would have reckoned her at once to be an orphan, or the daughter of a widow. She was the second child of that same Robert Rowe, whose relation was pictured out to the readers of the book. A few weeks ago I should have told you, remember, was one of those kind of men who are said to be their own worst enemies. Who was the worst enemy of his children? And who was the worst enemy of his children?

Poor little Lucy! Mary's the time when a neighbor's sister had been set upon by a drunken and eloquent little face betrayed her feelings, try as hard as she might to keep 'em down. Her cheeks nobly on the occasion—as they always take in all the circumstances of every body that is standing by before she speaks, and that is the very time many chances are—no wound, when nobody is intended to be hurt. Just so sure as man, woman or child mentioned Lucy, or thanked, or any thing like that, but her Lucy, just so sure her pale face would become scarlet in a minute, and then her eyes would drop to the ground, and she would look as ashamed, and so unhappy! It's a terrible thing, and I hope no child of yours or mine's ever got to know it. Well, so it was with the little one in astonished at the conduct of the very person that she has to love, because he is her parent.

And when Robert Rowe, in some of his fits of drunken fondness would pull poor little Lucy to his knee, her feelings were more those of disgusting appearance—how her very soul shrunk within her at the filthy act that he breathed from his mouth! You notice a repulsive object was her father—but even farther—and little Lucy struggled against her soul-sickness, and tried to have and respect, and not to despise him. And this was the most wicked thing that a poor child could be put to—whose opinions ought to have been the guide of her judgment! Other children could say, when a father caressed them, "I love you! I am right—for father says so!" Lucy tried that once—and even the kind answer for confirmation, but the words stuck in her throat, and one of the rudest blurted out—"Ever father, indeed!"

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"Well—here he comes," said another, "we'll ask him what he thinks of it."

Lucy looked up. With eyes bloodshot and fiery, with a flushed face, covered with the grime and dust of the place where he had passed early slept of his last potations—with gait unsteady, and gesticulations—voice rough, bibbing, and attitudes ridiculous and meaningless—it was her father! The other children laughed, and Lucy willingly would be ashamed, with mal-ice, and from mere thoughtlessness, must cruel to each other, and little Lucy, children and all, must have a share. She walked briskly off—sobbing in mingled anger, grief and vexation. Her father shouted after her, and she heard him say, "Lucy! Lucy!" He caught up a stone to throw at her—but the children's screams brought him to consciousness of what he was about to do to his drunken

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Original Poetry.

MUSINGS.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY MRS. LYDIA JANE PEIRSON.

Yes, then art gone, down in the quiet grave
To hide thy broken heart. The careless world
The cruel world, unmoved, heard the tumult of the breast,
And heard unmoved our childish pleas.
We were friends—children—did I not know?
The secret agony that burn'd away
Thy spark's silver spring, and left thy heart,
Thy woman's heart to waste by slow decay.
Till, like a fair plant, wounded at the root,
Thou withered'st and died.

Consumption! Aye—
Came the destroyer's fatal grim one here
Who wears within her heart no secret grief
Or wound? Where? If thy history
Were written by the impartial pen of truth,
Mankind would start away in dumb surprise,
From the catalogue of man's accusations
As thou hast borne in silence, while they gnaw'd
Thy heart away, and sacrific'd within thy breast,
Like fiery vipers, or censured away
Thy very soul within thee.

The poor hour
Of my Calvary, was an open book
To me—but how long embodied, every thrall
And wish, and feeling, pleaded unto me,
For sympathy and shelter, and the doom
That parted me in girlhood, was the death
Of my own nature's promise to my soul,
Bread down with the yearnings of the soul.
Still fond'st a chain between us; but alas!
Could not unite in sweet communion as the hearts
That long to give each other their fair deeds,
Or have a word of cheer in my weary ardour, and ev'n
Pour forth the treasures of the ardent soul,
In language and words not the form of words,
Being itself the eloquence of truth.
Her spirit was so formed for confidence
I could not live without a present friend.
With whom it could commingle every fear
Or wish and thought. And there was one,
Whose spirit seem'd attuned to blend with her,
In perfect harmony. He seem'd like her,
Pensive and pious, intellectual,
All purity, and gentleness, and love.
He call'd her sister, and was sure her
All that the fondest brother could have been;
And she took him, so strong confidence,
And knew it to the dreamy sophistries
Of a planter's love.

Alas, that gloom
Of pestilence should fall upon a heart
Has trusted to it, and wrecks one fair,
Formed though well my many sorrows. Earnestly
I grew up in my childhood, I was fond
Herring in northern seasons, high and pure
As the firmament of the region I love
Like the taller is needed for the gown, the polyanthus for the bower, and the pomegranate for the moral hedge. There is nothing of the kind in the neighborhood, be it good or bad. Who thinks so, knows not the world of which he speaks. My employer had also a humble hole in his sleeve for his wife, and she was a woman, genial and capricious. This gave me oftentimes a great deal of annoyance. I encouraged; and then we quarrelled. "Hallos!"—I thought this may answer a friend, and I was happy. I may become as quarrelsome, and cock her nose as lovable as my employer. From that hour I let him have his way, and I was contented with the world. Then I always had friends. I always associated with those I needed of it confidence and employment. God blessed all my undertakings. I was prosperous in the pleasantness and honest thoughts, as in the kennel, the field and flow of passion, and lasts green Unto another, e'er he saw her face!
Yet she had been to him a sweet relief
Of many a weary hour, and sorrow; while he heard,
And soul, and being, mingled into his.
With the sweet worship of a maiden's love.
Guiltless of passion, till that fatal hour
Of sorrow, and shame, opened to her view
The deep sprigns of her heart. She could have lived
Forever happy, in her gentle dream
Of love unspoken, if Allen's heart
Had ward'st on other. But to hear him say,
Never will we meet again, that she was dead
To him I have lov'd, so many weary years.
Oh! unconscious dreamer, in my years
Oh 'twas too deadly bitter to her soul!
Yet she as one that suffer'd, Heaven's pride
Thrown o'er the noise of a broken heart.
Like sunlight resting on a sepulchre.
And I was astonished. She was not false
She never sought the love which she had given
To be the inner chamber of her heart.
She had her silence, and sorrow, and stood by
Like a sentinel to be judged meanly,
All that she valued, or deem'd on earth.
But from that day she droop'd, fading away.
Like summer's rose, which pines recently down.
With dying melody, and closing flowers.
And the sweet of sleep.

Around her last
The weapers stood, and shaded at the fair,
Which gave so lovely and heiress'd a maid
To the cold embrace of death. He was not
Whose living image had consumed her heart.
And yet he wonder'd that it had so fair,
Till one poor tear, and that his fond young wife
Knel'd tearfully away.

Translations.

THE HOLE IN THE SLEEVE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF JACOBSAK.

[The following is an extract from a work just published by the Appleton's, entitled, Sketches of Germany.]

"I am rich—what is generally called rich!" said Mathias Mayer, "but I am ashamed to let them not make me happy. I need but little for myself, and even less than my wife and child. Of what avail, therefore, is money to me! But I am happy to know that I have acted as a mediated all my wealth by using such industry, and economy in actual and great matters, and economy. Every thing else tasteless more or less of stupidity or healthiness. For example—fashion, love for women, fear of gone, fear of rule, pride, envy, hatred, or vehement rancour. Remember this, Conrad. To work vigorously and economically in great and small matters, is the pure, real spiritual life. Do not despise what is small, as if it were trifling. God has created nothing in vain. His grain of sand, and his worm, both are great.

"I have given thee a good education. Thou wert a well but powerful plant. Now thou art twenty years old, an age at which the spiritual is at war with the animal in man. May the spiritual gain the victory! Man is not a mere animal as a plant; man as an animal; not lastly as an angel. Many do not get beyond the well-trained animal. But the animal should not be despised. Out of the impure flour the sower whole silky shoots forth. A trifling necessity let me note the right point, I learned to saw, and that made me a rich man.

"Thou, my son, perhaps, wilt wish to credit this—yet it is so. I was fourteen years of age, I could read, write, and cipher. That long I was trained. I was the son of a poor tradesman. My father knew not what to make of me, for he was always in want of money, and that fed its cousins—which no-ware very close to.

"I had a play-fellow and a friend in my youth. His name was Alfred. We both were wild and ungovernable boys. Our garments were torn every day, and every day were soon soiled and torn. We were punished at home for it, but no sooner was the punishment forgotten than it was the same thing again.

"One day we were sitting in a public garden on a bench, telling each other of the wild mischiefs of ourselves. I wanted to become a learned man, and Alfred, general, or perhaps president.

"Both of you will never be anything!" said a very old man to a fine dress and powdered wig, who was sauntering past the two beside, and had overheard our childish plans. We were frightened—Alfred and I—what else?" The old man said—"You are the children of good people, I observe by your coats. If you will not have to be beggars, you will be one, or your mother these holes on your sleeves! Saying that he took both sleeves in his elbows, and thrust his fingers in the holes that were in the sleeves of my coat. Alfred also. 'If,' said the old man, 'nobody can sew it up for you at home why do you not learn to do it yourself?' You might at first have required the help of your mother, but afterwards you now it is too late, and ye go about like beggarly boys. If you wish to become distinguished general, and general superintendent, begin with the small things. First, sew up the holes on your sleeves, ye beggars! Then you may think of something else.'

"We took this very gravely ashamed, silently away, and had not the heart to say anything bad about the ancient old man! I turned the elbow of my coat sleeve in such wise that the hole could not be seen so easily. I learned to sew of my mother, but scarcely in a regular manner, for I did not tell her why I wished to learn it. When a new season appeared in my garments, or if they happened to become soiled, I repaired and it forthwith. Then I became attentive. I did not cease after my ordinary tasks to be done in my weary leisure, and I became more clean and careful in my dress, I was glad, and thought that the old gentleman in the sour-white wig was not greatly in error. With true delicacy he had spoken to me, and even a coat, with a handful of mortar, a broom, a glass full of water will operate a few, which if left alone would lay a whole city in waste. And my coat and will become silver buttons; and little needs will become rosy white lines and large!

Alfred did not take it so much to heart, and it proved to his own detriment. We had both been recommended to a merchant, who was in want of an apprentice well acquainted with writing and arithmetic. The merchant examined us, and gave me the preference. My old clothes were mended, and I looked at least coal gave evidence of negligence. Afterwards my mother bought me new clothes, and I was taken to the counting-house.

"I perceived very soon that I still had to many other things, in my knowledge, in my behaviour, to acquire, before I could be another of holes in the sleeve! Two stitches—oh the darkness of the region! I was ashamed of how else the tailor is needed for the gown, the physician for the body, and the preaching for the moral holes. There is nothing in the world which is insignificant, be it good or bad. Who thinks so, knows not the world of which he speaks. My employer had also a humble hole in his sleeve for his wife, and she was a woman, genial and capricious. This gave me oftentimes a great deal of annoyance. I encouraged; and then we quarrelled. "Hallos!"—I thought this may answer a friend, and I was happy. I may become as quarrelsome, and cock her nose as lovable as my employer. From that hour I let him have his way, and I was contented with the world. Then I always had friends. I always associated with those I needed of it confidence and employment. God blessed all my undertakings. I was prosperous in the pleasantness and honest thoughts, as in the kennel, the field and flow of passion, and lasts green Unto another, e'er he saw her face!

Yet she had been to him a sweet relief
Of many a weary hour, and sorrow; while he heard,
And soul, and being, mingled into his.
With the sweet worship of a maiden's love.
Guiltless of passion, till that fatal hour
Of sorrow, and shame, opened to her view
The deep sprigns of her heart. She could have lived
Forever happy, in her gentle dream
Of love unspoken, if Allen's heart
Had ward'st on other. But to hear him say,
Never will we meet again, that she was dead
To him I have lov'd, so many weary years.
Oh! unconscious dreamer, in my years
Oh 'twas too deadly bitter to her soul!
Yet she as one that suffer'd, Heaven's pride
Thrown o'er the noise of a broken heart.
Like sunlight resting on a sepulchre.
And I was astonished. She was not false
She never sought the love which she had given
To be the inner chamber of her heart.
She had her silence, and sorrow, and stood by
Like a sentinel to be judged meanly,
All that she valued, or deem'd on earth.
But from that day she droop'd, fading away.
Like summer's rose, which pines recently down.
With dying melody, and closing flowers.
And the sweet of sleep.

Around her last
The weapers stood, and shaded at the fair,
Which gave so lovely and heiress'd a maid
To the cold embrace of death. He was not
Whose living image had consumed her heart.
And yet he wonder'd that it had so fair,
Till one poor tear, and that his fond young wife
Knel'd tearfully away.

Translations.

THE HOLE IN THE SLEEVE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF JACOBSAK.

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"After having served my apprenticeship, I took a clerkship in another mercantile house. Habituated to be happy even with the mere necessaries of life, for he who lives in abundance never is contented. I saved a considerable amount of money. I was prosperous in excess in myself a hole in the sleeve, and to begin with chastity upon that sleeve of mine, the whole world was satisfied with me, and I with the world. Then I always had friends. I always associated with those I needed of it confidence and employment. God blessed all my undertakings. I was prosperous in the pleasantness and honest thoughts, as in the kennel, the field and flow of passion.

"Thus my wealth increased. Wherefore? I asked myself one day, and found the answer, part of it. Love in an ostentatious style for other persons, and money was! That is common. Shall I say, in my old days, show a hole in the sleeve? No, that is not God through others has helped you. That is enough. The greatest blessing riches can bestow is this, to be independent of other people's money, and to have a wide circle to act in. Now, Conrad, go to the university, learn something substantial, remember the man in the snow-white wig, beware of the holes in the sleeve, and do not act like my companion, Alfred. He at last enlisted in the army, and was shot in America.

A DISH FOR TWO.

The new Family Cook Book, published in London, contains the following receipt for a "dish for two," called Marriage. It may be served in the same way in this part of the world.

Catch a young gentleman and lady. The young gentleman will be found in the young lady quite tender. Set the gentleman at the fire, and when he begins to melt, add to him a good, part is better, a dash of champagne

United States SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 12, 1844.

NEW PREMIUMS.

To any person sending TWO DOLLARS in advance, we will send the United States Saturday Post for one week, and one of the following premiums:

For FIVE DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, and either of the new wards.

For TEN DOLLARS, eight copies of the United States Saturday Post, and either of the new wards.

For TWENTY DOLLARS, seventeen copies of the United States Saturday Post, and two premiums.

For FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the United States Saturday Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine.

For TEN DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, three copies of Graham's Magazine, and two copies of the Ladies' National Magazine.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"A" It is a law, that having located on an election, the candidate's name. We supposed that every body knew that.

"J" John's" lines have a strong appearance of having been written with a mercantile pen. Charles should be in some employment than spending to be poet-ical. We decline.

"Q" We know nothing of the matter of which Alfred complains, and care little.

"Q" "Economy" is misled. He should have kept a copy, for we can't see it was of "no value except to the writer."

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

The hurly burly of politics, and contest in store, as far as the State and County are concerned, nearly over; and after enough votes of the State are ascertained to insure positively who have the election has gone, we shall have a period of comparative quiet. The Presidential election is a simple affair, like a plain question, and a plain answer, yes or no. It has not the clashing and conflicting local interests which are involved in local elections requisite that through which we have just passed. And when that is once over and the matter is settled for another four years, as it soon will be, we are really at a loss to guess how some of our earnest political friends will occupy themselves, and where they will turn to find food for excitement. But that is their look out and not ours. If they want a good newspaper to read these long winter evenings, we might give them a hint on that subject. There is not a clerk in the office—no, nor a boy in the folding room, who could not tell them what is the best Family Newspaper.

We like the fun and good natured noise of an election in a large city; and are pleased to remark that there were few exceptions in the good-natured rule here this week, and none of any magnitude or importance. The day was more glorious, and so far as the weather was concerned there was an entire absence of any thing to disconcerte or to annoy. The vote, from this circumstance, and from the unusual interest taken was, it will be observed, in immense size; and yet as the time drew near for the closing of the polls, the applicants seemed to diminish in number, rather than to increase in size. "Few early," seemed to be one of the watchwords of all parties, and a capital good watchword it proved. Had there been any delay in the early part of the day, the work could not have been done.

As a practical illustration of what may be termed the less favorable results of a contest, we allude to the treatment of the sick, the aged and the infirm. Every basis, or any physical weakness or debility were immediate passports to the polls, and while the well and young and strong were compelled to wait hours for their turns, the persons to whom we have referred were admitted at once to the ballot boxes by tacit consent of the whole crowds who were in waiting. Physicians too, whose time was known to be precious, were treated in the same courteous manner.

For the next few weeks Pennsylvania will be at the mouth of every politician, and we had almost said, of every voter in the Union. The result of her State election is one of the most important data in judging of the general result. For the returns of this election are in order, not to be taken up to them in vo refer the reader to the proper column. Where any political, they have been compiled with the most assiduous effort at impartiality, for in the Saturday Post we know no political party, and act as the organ of none. In giving returns our rule is to give that party precedence which has given the most votes, let it be which it may.

By the Foreign News in this day's paper, it will be noticed, that our readers will be invited to interest true in two particulars. Mr. O'Connell has been set at large. That this was done against the wishes of the ministry, it is of no use to pretend; and the government is placed in the position of a party who have accorded grace to their foes against in a way that he could not reject or refuse. To us it seems like a complete victory over him; and we doubt very much whether the agitation can be so successfully kept up hereafter. And we venture further to predict, that the grievances of which Ireland justly complains will be gradually removed or ameliorated, or that advantages will be conferred to balance them. This is necessary—but it was deep policy so to make concessions as to give them the appearance of free gifts, and not of boons wrung from the administration.

Our own country now seems to be every where in a condition of prosperity and comfort, which makes the time look bright. The harvests are in, and abundant. Industry thrives, and people are contented and happy. There is no fury or fever of speculation, and no extraordinary excitement, threatening consequent depression. The siege by which we have reached this position have been gradual and easy, so much so, that we can hardly realize the contrast between the previous of things now, and that of the time of depression.

We have little need to ask the reader's attention to our regular issue to day, for the variety and interest of the contents will command it. The continuation of the original novel is one of the eyes of those who have read the first chapters. The Poem, by Mrs. Person, will amply repay even those who do not usually read verse. It is the work of a true woman—of one who understands her own sex better than the other can: and may set many men to thinking as they never thought before. Fankiel Jones's narrative of the experience of the daughter of that Robert Rome, whom ran was described a few weeks since, and of the incidental reforbation of her father, is one of those relations to which the Italian present may well be applied: "Si non e vero, e ben trovato"—if it is'nt true, it might be. Many is the man who has been saved by his chains.

Our will hear about is reserved on the last page again: and while we speak of that page, we must beg the reader not to pass over the Tale of Real Life one of the most touching things, by the way, that has ever appeared in this paper. It may be one of the late frequent English Magazine plagiarisms, but it is good, let it have originated where it may. Finally, and to conclude. Mend the Hole in Your Sleeve!" is a good lesson, and if there is any in our's this week, we shall try to have it healed before the next comes round.

A CAPITAL.

Our readers remember the case in which Mr. Ford, of St. Louis, sint Mr. Low, of the same place, for the seduction of his daughter. He has been tried for the murder, and acquitted. It was undoubtedly a case in which the best sympathies of the heart would rise, in palliation of the murder, of which the accused was most certainly guilty, and though we have to denote that the penalty of the law should have been visited upon so agnisant parties for such an offence, still it would have been the proper course to have entered a verdict in accordance with the law and the evidence. Then the clemency of the people, as represented in the pardoning power, could have been interposed in a legitimate and proper mode.

PERIPATETIC PROSINGS.

BOSTON.

For a free country in a free State in a free country, and at an epoch of which it is said—

"The a liberal age, and thought no crime."

Philadelphia has the most illiberal sprinkling of bondmen that we ever encountered in the same number of square miles. If we are to judge by their own words, all are bonded, excepting we catch here and there a word, all the rich, once, high and low, rich and poor, male and female, all are bonded, and all the sureties of the government officials down to

The dustiest-man hired to sweep

seem to have some under like unutterable yoke.

Some are "bonded to go," and some are "bonded to stay," some are "bonded on this," and some are "bonded on that," some are bonded to whip somebody, and others are informed that they are "bound to be licked." Some say that they are bound to sell, and some to be bought, some are bound to ride, and some to walk some in stand and some to fall. Many must be bonded to declare, during the late election, that they were bound to vote this way or the other —a restraint which we should think chiefly valuable to the bondsmen.

And not only men, but things are bound—those to answer and those to act. Even inanimate, and inanimate, seems to have fallen under this spell of—orthography, which is the same in sound, though, thank, they may be "bonded" in other, and all but one of the modern parts of slang speech, catch words, and in accent from the manner which men are "bound" than are aware of it.

The young woman who considers herself "bonded" to flirt; to encourage the attentions of good looking young men only to jilt them; to wear a boa breathing as she does a bow when—lastly till she can get a new one—that young lady may be "bound" to be an old maid, or else, which is worse, "bound" for life to some unlucky fool. It is to be hoped that we need now look—bound to him for want of a better.

That lad who is "bound" to disobey his parents, and count the rowdy grance and the rowdy season at the street corners—to sink his better nature and genius in low and vicious companionship till she can get a new one—that young lady may be "bound" to be an old maid, or else, which is worse, "bound" for life to some unlucky fool. It is to be hoped that we need now look—bound to him for want of a better.

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That bondsmen who are bonded to uncommon privileges and courtesies of his mercantile friends, and is surprised at their ready compliance, and not be bonded to them, and has found himself so comply whenever they ask him, and in many an entire bonds that he will not be bonded to be bonded for

United States SATURDAY POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

$3 per annum - $2 if paid in advance.
Postmasters are requested to act as Agents for these letters addressed to us. The word "free" or itself is not a frank. A postmaster will please write more than letters addressed to us or include.
Other letters will not be taken from the Post Office unless the postage is paid.
Subscriptions received only at the end of the current half year's subscription, and then only at the option of the Publisher. Letter of arrearages are due.
Postmasters and Select Books solicited to procure a large number for our table.
Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They should always give names and post office in full.
Remarks must always state the Post Office connected from as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana and Michigan, today, all for Master Mark Jr. Bennett, G. J. Coleman, J. Hamphreys, J. T. Tone and R. T. Jennings.
LEWIS NORMAN, Oneida County, N. Y.
HENRY N. LEWIS is collecting for us at Alabama.
CHARLES E. LESLIE is Agent for us in the South and South-West states Florida, assisted by James K. Wright, Hillsboro, Ill. Wm. G. H. Tucker, Mobile, Alabama.
THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.
WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Penn.
JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New York.
☞ We have no travelling agent by the name of Wilcox.

Notices of New Works.

INCIDENTS of Social Life and the European Mission of Benjamin the Third, Son of Benjamin Franklin. By Sarah Bache Duane. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Philadelphia: G. S. Appleton.—Philadelphia is now everywhere, but has been for many years a citizen of Switzerland. A collection of its works is forty volumes, and is increasing a few years ago, including Religious and Moral Essays, Historical Sketches, Biographies, and Literary Sketches. From these latter, the four tales in the volume are selected, and translated in a very happy manner. The first is entitled The Old Maid, Mental Medicine and Hints in Your Sleeve. The Fool of the Nineteenth Century; and Aubrey and Avalon. All of these tales are of a light and pleasant and instructive nature, which appears in the days of Franklin. The second, Hints and Tales for Every-day Life, is a pretty book. The fourth we do not pretend to understand, though there is said to be something deep in it. It is a very interesting narrative, and delight the believers in animal magnetism, beyond measure. The book is neatly executed and appropriate, and is a very pleasing variety of its matter.

PETER PLODDY, and other Oddities. By Joseph C. Neal, author of Charcoal Sketches. With ten Illustrations, by Crosse, from designs by Darley. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.—The last of a volume of sketches some of which have appeared before, while others are here offered for the first time to the public. They are full of the peculiarly happy humor of Mr. Neal—the keen and playful wit, which pervades without offending, and never makes a man or laugh at his own absurdities. Without grossness—without profanity—full of bubbling fun only by safe and pleasant channels, having all the attractions of close observation of men, and wide acquaintance with books, Mr. Neal's sketches are like the picture of Rosa of which the bride pecked. They satisfy the rapid taste, while they delight the more refined and cultivated reader. They are human nature—just enough exaggerated to bring out its prominences, not enough burlesqued to lose the resemblance. If we trans-scribed what we might say, they are the ideal, dressed in a smock frock. The illustrations by Darley and Crosse are worthy of the text. It can be obtained at Robinson & Patterson.

THE QUAKER CITY; or, The Monks of Monk Hall; is the title of a romance, the first number of which is issued by Zieber & Co. The author is not announced. The work promises to be a rival to the Prince among the "life, mystery and crime," and that title is enough, with us, to prejudge it to Coventry. We have quite enough of these romances of the day. The first number is made round out of a total at a blow, handsomely—but that is no proof that it was relished with the same dress with a pastebin. Powerful writers can make a skeleton's neck quite effective in a graceful setting; but writers of second rate when they undertake to show up death's heads without the graceful setting, are not to be read by any one. The romances, we are bound in fair to say, is written without our reading the pamphlet—or a word beyond the title. It may be a very good thing of its kind—for we have the sort, and would never read a book with such a title. Mr. Neal, though he did dedicate a book to Poe, says that we would not trust on a board lectured "Man Trap," or "Spring Gun."

CARTER BROTHERS, 12, The Rachel Chronicles. Philadelphia: Thomas, Cowperthwaite & Co. This is a collection of the Hymns of Rachel, with Original Notes and Authors, comprising compositional compositions, and selections from the works of the most eminent writers of sacred music, together with many original compositions, by American authors, expressly for the work. The music is harmonized for four voices, and is arranged in such a compartment for the organ and piano forte. The editors of the work are well known as such, and the present one we by W. H. Darley and J. C. D. Stambridge, both gentlemen well known as such, and we presume they will not be unacquainted with church music. We have the opinion of a friend competent to judge, that the volume forms a valuable addition to the musical library of any reasonably popular science.

RIEGEL FRANÇAIS du Versailles, et des Proverbiales, pertinentes et usuelles, en trois vers. New York: D. & J. Sorinon. Philadelphia: Zieber & Co. This is the first number of a work designed to be issued in parts, and a review, giving in its first department, selections of interesting articles from the current literature of the day, or other portion selections of extraordinary literary and scientific news and notes, from the periodical literature of the day, and a review of the new Books &c. The plan of the work is comprehensive, and appears to be very well carried out in the first number. It will be a very useful work, and for beginners who want practice in the French language, and for those who have already made some pace with the progress and history of French literature.

"The Apostle's Doctrine and Fellowship." New York: D. Appleton & Co. Philadelphia: G. S. Appleton.—This is a volume containing five Sermons, preached on consecutive Sundays, in succession, during the Spring Vacation, by the Protestant Episcopal Bishop of South Carolina, Dr. L. S. Ives. They are published by the unanimous request of the Convention of the P. E. Church, in the author's diocese. The five sermons are upon subjects connected with the Apostle's Creed, to which they were delivered. The book is got up in an elegant style, with the "Old Style" of capitals, &c. The name and the position of the author in his church will procure for his work extensive circulation in the Episcopal Church.

The Rose or Affection's Gift.—Edited by Emily Marshall. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Philadelphia: G. S. Appleton.—This annual, which has been issued now for several years, has been steadily making friends from its commencement. It is distinguished for its neat engravings, and of a less price than some of its larger contemporaries it performs more than some books of larger pretensions. Its matter is of a pleasant character, and will always continue to find friends and purchasers, while it preserves the character it has now.

"No Cross without a Bonnet," or the title of a book pamphlet, published by the Harpers', and for sale in the city of Philadelphia by Carey & Hart, is a humorous the controversy between the Rev. Drs. Potts and Wainwright, on the subject of the cross, during the Lenten season and Notes by an "Anti-Sectarian." It can be had of Robinson & Patterson.

Hints and Hints, for the Home Circle. New York: John Allen. Philadelphia: E. Ferrett & Co.—This is a work by "Aunt Mary," and is entitled to "The Home," and embodies, not only her own "hints," but the "sound and practical remarks of the best writers of the day" on the subject of the government of children."

Outlines of Practical Medicine.—No XIV. of this excellent publication has been issued by Lea & Blanchard, and brings the work down to the letter M. The present number is occupied with a history of Medicine, which is just as learned and comprehensive, though necessarily brief, which we have ever seen on the subject considered.

The Democratic Review, October. Philadelphia: Robinson & Peterson, and Zieber & Co.—The number for October is a very good one, and as it appears on the eve of an election, has more than the average of political matter. It has the usual miscellaneous portion of Mr. Ritcher, the veteran editor of the Richmond Enquirer.

The Ladies' Companion, for October, has been received by Zieber & Co., and Robinson & Peterson. It has two steel plates, landscape, &c., and papers by the usual contributors to the work, and a fashion plate of millinery, Mrs. Orne, Mrs. Embury, Marvin, Ingraham, and others.

McClintock's Gazetteer.—Part XIX. of this valuable work is out, bringing us within one number of the completion. It is to be had of Zieber & Co. and of Robinson & Patterson.

The Gift, for 1845, is out, by Messrs. Carey & Hart, an our readers will be aware of by the notice in our paper. We have only time to-day to say that it is a superb work.

Religious Intelligence.

☞ A few days since, an old revolutionary soldier was baptized in Bacon creek, in Hart county, Ky., by the Rev. Silas Lee, of the M. E. Church. His name is John Rew, and he was one hundred and two years of age on the 11th day of last August.

☞ During fourteen months past, 4,555 copies of the Scriptures, in different languages, have been distributed in New Orleans by the agents of the Bible and Tract Societies.

Baptist Association.—The Baptist Association of Philadelphia have just concluded their session. Among the reports we find the following table of the number of members of churches in the association:

Lower Dublin Church,	299
Great Valley, do.,	168
Southwark, do.,	47
Spruce street do.,	302
New Britain do.,	113
Hill Town do.,	116
Marcus Hook do.,	72
Roxborough do.,	102
Philadelphia,	262
Blockley do.,	141
Lower Merion do.,	259
Third Church do.,	1
Philadelphia,	388
First Africon do.,	252
Haycock,	71
Kingsessing,	117
Middle do.,	190
West Philadelphia,	145
Richmond,	167
Roxborough,	447
Wissahickon,	414
Upper Dublin,	291
Oxford,	164
Penn,	144
Unincorporated Northern Liberties,	200
Germantown,	344
Second Beech Penn Township,	253
Byberry,	137
Moreland,	31
Total vote in city and county,	28,849

There were 63 votes thrown for the "Liberty Candidate," 51 in the city, and the rest in the county.

The above gives Markle 5,635 majority. Other accounts report a heavier vote, and a larger majority—say no more.

The following are reported majorities from inland counties, with the vote of 1840:

	V. Buren	Harrison	Shenk	Markle
Adams,	1928	2353	1928	2353
Bedford,	1440	2910	1440	2910
Berks,	3440	3970	3440	3970
Bucks,	3489	4765	3489	4765
Centre, (new County)			743	1
Chester,	5001	5642	5001	5642
Columbia,	1202	1357	1202	1357
Cumberland,	1045	41	1045	41
Dauphin,	2197	3124	2197	3124
Franklin,	2202	3271	2202	3271
Franklin,	1992	3296	1992	3296
Fulton,	1010	1147	1010	1147
Huntingdon,	2261	3026	2261	3026
Lancaster,	5470	8676	5470	8676
Lawrence,	1470	1672	1470	1672
Lebanon,	1492	1379	1492	1379
Lehigh,	1165	1165	1165	1165
Luzerne,	4178	3776	4178	3776
Lycoming,	1004	1004	1004	1004
Montgomery,	4393	4908	4393	4908
Northampton,	2197	2197	2197	2197
Northumberland,	2197	1301	2197	1301
Perry,	1301	1301	1301	1301
Philadelphia Co.,	13,000	19,000	13,000	14,000
Pike,	274	555	5004	9170
Potter,	5004	9170	5004	9170
Schuylkill,	3184	1991	967	1991
Somerset,	1967	1991	967	1991
Union,	1318	2423	1318	2423
Venango,			1318	2423
Wayne,	1318	2423	1318	2423
York,	4367	3792	804	804

VOTE FOR MAYOR.

	Scott	Markle	Scott	Markle
North Mulberry,	565	387	479	
Mulberry,	692	1016	692	
Locust,	477	590	461	
Spruce,	1000	1000	1000	
North,	365	367	479	
Pine,	586	1000	1000	
South,	320	1000	365	
Dock,	1000	1000	1000	
High,	353	1000	1000	
Chestnut,	1000	1000	1000	
Walnut,	1000	1000	1000	
Walnut,	1000	1000	1000	
Walnut,	1000	1000	1000	
New Market,	377	397	318	
Pine,	396	397	318	
	3534	4039	4000	

Mr. McCall, (Whig,) has a plurality, and will, of course, be elected by the Councils. Last year, Mayor Scott, (Whig) had a majority of 2,609.

The Whig Council and Legislative tickets are elected in the city proper by a majority rising two thousand—averaging, perhaps, 2,200.

COUNTY.

The Native Americans have elected their County Commissioner, Auditor, and Legislative Ticket. The majorities we do not undertake to state, as they vary in different accounts.

In the Northern Liberties, Joseph S. Riley, Native,) has for Mayor, 2,795 votes; Benjamin Dean, (Dem.) 2,719. Bryan, (Whig,) 980. The Native Commissioners are elected by a majority of about a hundred, but as two-thirds of the Democratic remain to be heard from the election is secured. No. 443 Broadway, with which the building partially connects, is occupied by N. Kneass, as a printing and stereotype establishment and warehouse for the sale of goods connected with the trade. The insurance runs to be worth $18,000, on which $6,000 is covered by insurance. It was evidently intended by waste. The stock at No. 445 Broadway was partially injured, but fully insured. The whole of the buildings above mentioned are owned by Mr. Lentilius individually. There were 75 workmen in the establishment, all of whom, for a time, will be thrown out of employment. The origin of the fire is not known; but it was most probably accidental, originating from some of the forges in the building.

Fire in Pensacola.—We learn that a very destructive fire broke out in the city on Saturday morning last, in the store occupied at the time by Messrs. Serra & La Rua at the corner of Palafox and Government streets, in which has laid in ashes the whole range of buildings on one street, and more than half of the other. With the exception of Mr. Hall's and Mr. Root's tin shop—extending as far as Dr. Wells' shop. A considerable part of the stock of each of these stores was saved.

On Monday night, about 12 o'clock, a frame stable, corner of School and Bowle streets, Northern Liberties, belonging to George Gaskey, was destroyed by fire, together with a quantity of hay and feed and some harness. The place was no doubt set on fire. A man, named Peter Hinkel, was found dead on the stable floor, who, it is supposed, was lodging in some part of the stable. He was a resident of the Northern Liberties, and supposed to be 35 or 30 years of age.

A large house in Concord, New Hampshire, was consumed by fire on Thursday last. It was tenanted by the Rev. Sylvester Dana, Mr. Justin L. Robinson, Mr. Joshua Ingalls, and Mrs. Tree. Mr. Dana lost between two and five hundred volumes of theological works, and Mr. Robinson's family suffered severely. The house was insured for $4,000.

The brick woollen factory of Gibson, Smith & Co., of Proctorsville, Vermont, was burned on the 19th ult. Nothing was saved from the machinery, except a few cards. But little from the weaving room. The contents of the two lower rooms were mostly saved. The damaged stair. Insured in Boston for $14,000.

At Yonkers, near New York, the building factory The Messrs. Young & Co., valued at $7,000, not insured; the book cloth factory of J. & S. Dykes, valued at 50,000, and the grist mill owned by Mr. P. Ford, valued at $8,000, not insured, were all consumed by fire on Sunday morning last, about half past four o'clock.

On the morning of the last inst., in Buffalo, N. Y., the extensive machine shop connected with the Williamsburgh foundry, on Court street, near the canal, was entirely destroyed by fire. The establishment was new and of considerable size, and doing a very heavy business in the store line. The foundry was saved.

☞ The dwelling house and stable at Nanticoke, belonging to Dr. Burton, were fired by some villain on Sunday morning last, in a most deliberate manner. The stable and its contents were burned, and the dwelling much injured. The library of the Doctor was entirely ruined.

☞ At Montreal, on Sunday week, the Chinese and Ghaut street, of H. & B. Smith & Co., was consumed, and its valuable contents, worth $30,000, almost totally destroyed. Stock insured for $12,000, and the building for $2,000.

Elections.

FOR GOVERNOR.

	Scott	Markle
Philadelphia City,	4979	5054
County, Southwark,	2373	1521
Moyamensing,	1200	1200
Northern Liberties,	2795	2719
Spring Garden,	2670	3264
Kensington,	1200	1200
Kingsessing,	117	190
West Philadelphia,	145	187
Blockley,	141	259
Roxborough,	447	414
Germantown,	344	291
Oxford,	164	144
Penn,	144	253
Unincorporated Northern Liberties,	200	137
Second Beech Penn Township,	253	137
Byberry,	137	68
Moreland,	31	102
Total vote in city and county,	28,849	28,170

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NEW JERSEY.

The following reported returns from all the counties in New Jersey, give the following vote—a Whig majority in thirteen counties out of the sixteen. Official returns will vary the result, probably, but there is no doubt that Mr. Stratton is elected by a majority of between one and two thousand. The election was held on the 8th and 9th, and the vote was for Governor and Legislature.

	Whig	Dem
Hudson,	670	
Passaic,	1767	
Essex,		1
Morris,	1	
Somerset,	500	
Middlesex,	1	
Burlington,	1500	
Gloucester,	1	
Camden,	300	
Salem,	1	
Cumberland,	631	
Cape May,	1	
Mercer,		417
Monmouth,		1140
Warren,		1181
Hunterdon,		1000
Monmouth,		350
Atlantic,		1

DELAWARE.

In the late election for Inspectors it seems yet a doubt which party has a majority in the whole State—nor is it of much consequence. First one side and then the other has been supposed as the victors—the last accounts giving it, we believe, to the Whigs.

In the Wilmington Charter election, held on Tuesday, the Democrats have an average majority of about 60.

MARYLAND.

The majority for the Whig Governor, is about five hundred and fifty in the whole State, and as this vote is behind the other candidates, there is of course, a Whig preponderance in the Legislature.

General News.

☞ A boy named William Piercy, aged eleven years, fell from the roof of his father's store in Washington City, on the 4th inst., and slighting on his feet, sustained but little injury. The distance he fell was nearly forty feet. It is feared that the lad will be found to have sustained serious injury. Should he survive, it will probably be noticed that he will be a very fleshy man.

☞ The mail between Salisbury and Chesnaw, N. C., was robbed a few days since, of $700. A stage driver by the name of Conard Festerman, or Fessenden, has been arrested, and after examination, was bound over to trial at the next session of the United States Court, in the town of Raleigh.

☞ The sum ($50,000,) has been obtained at Providence, which was requisite, to secure the liberal donation of Nicholas Brown, Esq., towards building an Insane Asylum in Rhode Island.

☞ Some green and ripe strawberries were picked in the field at East Windsor, Conn., by Mr. Henry Case, on the 27th September. An unusual circumstance for this season of the year.

☞ The Cincinnati Bulletin states that the Underground Rail Road is doing a great deal toward the improvement of the western waters, by the removal of obstructions.

☞ The United States revenue collected in Boston, for the year ending September 30, 1844, was $5,884,390, an increase over the year previous of $1,980,473.

☞ Daniel V. Hoit, Conductor, fell from the Boston and Maine mail train, near Andover, on Friday and was shockingly mangled. His life is despaired of.

Educational.

☞ Since last year 2,201 volumes have been added to the library of Brown University, Providence, R. I.—459 by purchase, and 1,742 by the Librarian. The whole number is now reported last year as belonging to the library was 10,522, exclusive of pamphlets and odd volumes not catalogued. The whole number is now 12,724, exclusive of pamphlets.

☞ There are in the Medical College of South Carolina, 724 students, viz: From South Carolina, 212; Alabama, 84; Georgia, 70; North Carolina, 11; Mississippi 5; Tennessee 2; Florida 2. The number of graduates at the last commencement was 107.

☞ The Rev. Dr. Junkin, has accepted the call, tendered him by the Trustees of Lafayette College, and intends to preside over that Institution. He will take charge of it at the opening of the coming Session.

☞ A Convention of Teachers is to assemble in Cincinnati, on the 16th of this month, and remain in session during four days. The subject of educatign, moral, literary and scientific, is to be considered.

☞ A professorship of Comparative Anatomy has been established in the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, and Dr. Dekay has been appointed to fill the newly constituted chair.

☞ The National schools in England have increased during the last year from 6,778 to 10,067, and the number of scholars from 587,011 to 875,194, or at the rate of more than 71,000 a year.

Jefferson College, Pa.—By the last catalogue, we learn that the students in this institution number 220, 200 of which are in the college proper; there are one hundred and sixty-seven

☞ The Freshman class of Amherst College is larger than for two years previous—numbering 90 in the beginning of the term. It is remarkable for its high scholarship.

☞ The tent of the North Carolina School Fund for the year ending September 30, 1844, is $92,027 71. Only two counties have refused to adopt the system.

☞ M. Schoell de Vere, a resident of Boston, and a Prussian by birth, has been chosen Professor of modern languages in the University of Virginia.

Personal News.

☞ Mr. Elihu Burritt, of Worcester, Mass., has been engaged to deliver the address before the Kennebec Agricultural Society. It was formerly the Representatives Hall, in that place, on Thursday last.

☞ The Honorable Edward Everett, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States to the Court of St. James, at the last accounts was on a tour through Scotland.

☞ Captain George M'Lean, late Governor of Cape Coast Castle, Africa, known as the husband of "L. E. L.," arrived at Boston to-day, from Cape Coast Africa.

☞ Mr. Spencer, a Whig, has been removed from the office of Measurer of the port of Baltimore, and Mr. Philip Laurenson, Democrat, appointed in his place.

☞ The President of the United States has recognized Albert Schumacher, Esq., of Baltimore, as Consul General of Hamburg for the United States.

☞ Hon. Langdon Cheves, who was taken dangerously ill on board the steamer Hibernia, is now able to accept any public station, whatever.

☞ The Hon. W. P. Mangum, of North Carolina, is still seriously indisposed at his residence in Orange county.

☞ The President has appointed Vespasian Ellis, of Missouri, Charge in the Republic of Venezuela.

☞ Judge Joel W. White, of Connecticut, has been appointed United States Consul at Liverpool.

☞ Among the passengers in the steamer Caledonia was Dr. W. W. Gerhard of the city.

Army & Navy.

☞ The U. S. ship Cyane, Capt Hollins, arrived at Hampton Roads on Wednesday of last week, from Cork, and last from Rio Janeiro—98 days from the former and 43 from the latter. The Cyane left at Rio, August 19, and reports that the following vessels of war—Frigates Raritan, Captain Gregory, to sail on a cruise in a few days; Congress, Captain Voorhees, to sail on a cruise in a few days; Constitution, Capt. Percival.

☞ The U. S. steamer Princeton has taken on board her large gun, and has left New York for Norfolk, en-route for Annapolis. A series of interesting experiments, intended to test the strength and power of the steamer, will be made, it is said, completed. We understand that much heavier charges have been employed than that which resulted disastrously in the "Peace Maker."

☞ The U. S. store ship Lexington arrived at New York on Sunday, from Gibraltar. Below we give a list of her officers:—Lieutenant Commander, Wm. M. Glendey; Lieutenants C. F. M. Spotswood and Jas. C. Barton; Master Daniel Ammen; ; ner, Samuel Forrest; Surgeon, Daniel Egbert; Assistant Surgeon, John Magruder; Master's Mate, Cotton Gale.

☞ The Naval General Court Martial, at Washington has not yet concluded its investigation respecting the burning of the U. S. steamer Missouri.

☞ U. S. sloop of war Fairfield, for Tunis, Tripoli and Smyrna, sailed from Palermo, August 19, all well.

☞ The U. S. sloop of war Plymouth was to be put out of dock from Constantinople on the 10th of August.

☞ Richard Dobbin, Esq., formerly an enterprising shipping merchant in Boston, has been appointed Assistant Chief of the Bureau of Construction and Equipment in the Department of the Navy, at Washington, by the President.

☞ The Palestine, at Boston, from Coast of Africa, was boarded July 10, off Fo Po, by U. S. ship Decatur, all well, and June 17th off Quitta, by U. S. ship Macedonian, all well.

☞ The U. S. ship Brandywine, from Madeira and Marseilles, was at Hong Kong, May 6. The St. Louis sailed thence on the 4th.

The Markets.

SALES OF STOCKS.

$75 shares	Wyoming R. R.		87½
5d: do.	Girard Bank,		11 3d1
50 do.	Kensington Bank,		19
100 do.	Tuscarora, (N. Y. Certificate,)		7
50 do.	S. American, (cash)		60
50 do.	Grand Gulf Bank,		30
50 do.	Grand Gulf Bank,		30
50 do.	Commercial Bank,		30
50 do.	Kensington Bank,		11
50 do.	Kensington Bank,		11
10 do.	Camden & Amboy R. R.		109
50 do.	Farmers Bank, Tenn.		50
10 do.	Northern Bank of Kentucky,		61½
50 do.	Far. & Mer. Bank,		37
$30,000	Reading R. R. Bonds,		79
$10,000	Reading R. R. Bonds,		79
$40,000	Reading R. R. Bonds,		79
$1,000	Penn. 5's,		84½
$1,000	Texas Bonds,		104
$467 83	Penn. 5's, 1845,		90
$1,000	Reading R. R. Bonds, 1860,		100
$3000	Penn. Bonds, 5's, int. 1st July,		85@85½
$4000	Penn. 5's,		84½

DIVIDENDS.

The Farmers' Bank of Maryland has declared a half per cent. dividend of the per year.

The Eagle Fire Insurance Company, New York, have declared a semi-annual dividend of five per cent. payable on the 8th inst.

The State Bank at Newark has declared a dividend of two per cent. for the last six months, payable on demand. The Bank has declared a semi-annual dividend of four per cent. payable on the 1st of October.

NEW COUNTERFEITS.

One dollar counterfeit note of the Bank of Smyrna, Delaware, dated March 1844, signed Thomas Reed, Cashier, and A. Smith, President, has been put in circulation in Lancaster.

The following are new counterfeits:—Ty. Dover Bank, N. H. Wm. Penn Bank, Ty. York, Wm. Penn, 5's, Ty. Del. Ty. State Bank of Indiana, 5's, Bank of Commonwealth, Portland, Me., Ty. City Bank, New Haven, Ty. Ty. Bank of the State of South Carolina, 1844, Letcher and Breckenridge, Ty. Ty. White Plains Bank, New York.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

Bard—No sales of Quercitron. *Coffee*—The only sales are about 1000 bags Rio, principally at 7½ cash, including a lot on private terms. *Cotton*—The low sales having set in steadily prices, owing which we notice no business of importance. *Flour and Meal*—We have no change to notice in the market for Flour, and the demand and export sales to the extent of 3000 bbls at $4,37½@4,44 for fair to good Ohio, which is now the prime designated by inspection to rate by; one to a fair extent at $4,44 a 4,50 for fair, and $4,50@4,75 for good and extra brands. Rye Flour—Market inactive, last sale at $3. Corn Meal—Sales of Pa. at $2,75. *Grain*—Wheat—Sales of 5000 bushels at 90@92 cts for fair to prime Pa. and Del. red, and 95 cts for white; 1000 bushels of prime white Md. sold at 97½ cts. Rye—Sales of good and prime at 55 cts. Corn—Sales of 5000 bushels of prime at 56@57, which is a slight advance. Sales of southern at 56. Corn—Sales of southern prime at 56, and sales of 1000 bushels on the latter date at white at 49@51. Oats—Sales of southern at 30. *Lard*—No arrivals. *Molasses*—Market quiet; small sales of Muscovado at 22½ cts. 4 mos. Orl—No sales of Sugar to notice. *Provisions*—Market unchanged since our last. *Rice*—About 1000 casks sold at 3½@4 cts. *Seeds*—Sales of Timothy at 2 bbl. Flaxseed—Small sales at $1 for bbl. 56 for bbl.

CATTLE MARKETS.

Philadelphia—The offering consisted of 600 head beef cattle, including 180 taken to New York, 10 cows and calves, 1000 sheep, and 300 swine, which sold as follows: Beef cattle—Extra quality sold at $5 per 100 lbs; quality at $4,50@4,87½ per 100 lbs—150 sold. Cows and calves—Sales at $24,50 per 100 lbs. Sheep—Mostly taken at $1 to 2 each.

New York, Oct. 7—At market 1600 beef cattle, 400 cows for milk, 40 cows and calves, and 4000 sheep and lambs. Prices—Beef Cattle—Last week's rates are fully sustained. Sales of first quality at $5,50@5,75; second quality at $5,25@5,50; third quality at $4,75@5,00. Cows and Calves—Sales at $18@35. Sheep and Lambs—The market was closed at $3@6,50 for sheep, and $1 @3,75 for lambs. Hay—No change from last week. Swine—Dull. Dr.—Supplies of beef cattle have come in freely again this week, and the demand has been dull. The offering at the sheds on Monday embraced about 1600 head, of which 1200 head were driven north, and 400 were sold to the trade. Prices ranged from $4,25 to 5,00 per 100 lbs, the latter for a few extra fine cattle, equal to $5,50@5,75 net. The market closed heavy at the above rates, and about 200 head were left unsold. Cows and calves are in demand, and 30 sold at prices ranging from $3 to 3,50 per head. Sheep and Lambs—Sales of 1000 at 2½@3½ per 100 lbs gross, or $1,50@2,50 per head, principally at about $1,50.

Richmond, Oct. 3—For cattle from ——— to ——— weight, $1,87½ to 2,12½, per 100 lbs to 4,50. Monday—Sales of 1000 head, principally from Kentucky, at 2@2½ cts. quality. Lambs from $1,50 to 2. Hogs, neat, $4½ to 4,75 per 100 lbs.

BARNSLEY'S INDELIBLE INK.

The subscriber has received a supply of this valuable article

From the Magazines.

THE STRUGGLE FOR FAME.
ADVICE TO AN ASPIRANT.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

If there would'st win a lasting fame;
If thou would'st triumph 'mongst thy peers,
And make the Future bless thy name;

Begin the restless career,
Like bright Sol through the heavens clear,
And with thy very utmost might

Scorn to repose thee or delight.
And if there has a wave arisen,
That even whispers, "Work and rest,"
And bears thy weary mind and sense
Adown
If there must come a calm dead,
And never ship of worthy mould
Though it be strife thy heart should bleed!

If there must come rage and hate,
And in the envious world's temple,
Will long thy existence it might
Be
If there must bear the rich man's mock,
Nor cause the fop that likes wert born,
To laud or shall, and be on sure

If dire pain upon a cross,
And still hold on with patient trust,
Nor pine that Fortune is unjust
Be
If there must rue, with tranquil honor,
The slanderous tongue of the proud,
While thou must work in cause I war,

If there must scorn, and hate, and slight,
Be still and bold, till evening grey,
At dandified
It is thy progress to remain;
Nor cause the rabble rout around thee
Of those who strive to pull thee down

If there must bear th' averted face,
Of those who, on the sunshine days,
Of those who run the self-same race
Be
If there is decline days that feel
An inner brightness in thy mind,
To remember is thy fate.

Whatever obstacles contest,
Whatever trials, former—or—to—me!
There's win the prize, don't vouch the goal!

If not—success! read by few,
And puzzled from low desire,
The pain shall be one star the higher.

Commit and hope thy heart shall hear,
And mute! neglect shall never discover
The unjust praise, thy inward joy.

For if on loss on worldly trust,
That does your gift thy living name,
And hand in hands of the future
Be
And last not strength to watch and pray,
To save thy faith and form thy joy,
To some new conduct every day

If failure might thy soul oppress,
And fill thy heart with bitterness,
And make thee love thy kind the less

Thy inner might closely knit inwardly,
And then let wars or torrent fall,
Or turn thy wholeness blood to gall.

Prune ere thou tempt the hard career,
That's fit for the mailed iron armed,
And lance well break and brain will sear

Commit thee with a moment let;
Or plough thy field, go build thy cot,
Nor sigh that there must be forget

Our Essayist.

THE MENAGERIE.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES FEATURE PAPER.

CAGE NUMBER SEVEN.
THE DISSEMBLER—OR PANTHER.

"A serpent heart, hid with a flowering face.
A serpent's smoothness, treason shrouded.
Almost, to acknowledge lies!"

The Dissembler ever keeps from view his true nature, his evil designs under the surface as through a conduit, and not until we turn the faucet of his real intentions, can we define his character. He is likely to be deceived by those who are "gilded loam," and it is exceedingly difficult to distinguish the true fabric of mentality—as smooth is the horrid rebel of nature. The picture we admire, but the rough canvas is a villainous contrast.

Our eyes may be termed the windows of the soul, through which she may behold all that is beautiful in creation—that one sense how infinite in purity ought it to be! Tis said by some learned philosophers that the natural disposition of man is to look towards heaven, but downward place. But the dissembler may indeed look towards heaven with his eyes for some evil end to guide him in deception. His thoughts are downstairs.

Mortality's dust, man cracksend mutiny! Dust on a journey to dust again. The dissembler is a painted piece of mortality, whose outward show is the result of his own labors and ingenuity—originated in the supreme purpose of deceit—a base metal with a genuine impress; and he has little conscience in threatening himself upon the community as does the counterfeiter his spurious coin.

The dissembler undermines the best affections—gives you deceit for friendship—a close, detestable nature for an open and gladsome one—brazen coin for a golden one. He is one of those wretches who escape unwhipped of justice, while the tattered fiend in rags who cannot to cover his nakedness, or to save him from starvation, is thrust into a dungeon. What would hang an ordinary rogue, keeps him in wealth and honor. He is as the rank weed in a field of lilies—as ill-natured egg that shows itself amid till broken—as grain with fair outside, and rottenness at the heart.

He is nature, to be sure, but disguised in all like a painted lady who wishes to seem fair. Take his mask off, and you open a charnel house full of uncleanness and impurities. Search in thoughts—plots, plans and traps are developed for the ruin of virtue, blight of character and the destruction of happiness. He is the cruel sportsman shooting the doves at rest—with aim deliberate and sure—the serpent that coils around and about you—Satan tempting with innocence and spelling paradise.

The object of his dissembling is not like the opossum for his own security—but as a foe to ensnare his victim. He is your very best friend, ready for actual service—when you require him he is ever busy—but would smash your prayers,—yea, he prays for you.

The grain and corn are very enticing to a great bird, and especially may be expected hospitality in the wiry mansion where he sees a little weather like himself a host: but when he is fairly in, he has little discretion that he is not and a prisoner forever. The dissembler is a human trap; his corn and wine, his heart, house and fortune are at your service. You, however, must be rich, to excite his hospitality, and then if you accept of his offers, you are ruined—for who would snatch his brother's bread and leave him crumbless.

With this man you may sometimes be undeceived by some trifling circumstance—for he appears before you shameless, an object of the most pitiable contempt. He sometimes pleads poverty that he can more deeply depredations on your house. Lend him your cloak, you must send your coat after him—he strikes you on one cheek that you may turn the other—never of Scripture, and turn to him the other. He robs you: and he would tell me, as a personal property, that you may send the title deeds of your real after him with despatch—an oath of favor is all he asks, and having the privilege of measuring, it takes an ell.

Take a good observation of him while he is in his cage, that when you leave the menagerie you may detect his germs any where. Harvest your grass often that he may take in the larger—the snake often lurks in a large grass or meadow as it and drive him from your fields—let foxes look about, they are for the goose—the dissembler is for fine.

CAGE NUMBER EIGHT.
THE KNAVE!—OR WILD CAT.

"I then had'st not been born the worst of men,
Thou had'st been a knave.
From whence so many weights of baseness, cannot
A dram would have thy part."

Prospects of villainy are always on foot: some men are continually on the gaze for an opportunity to make interest at the sacrifice of all nations. He who lacks a skill he will be excited. He is one of those sly dogs who carries his manner's dinner, and being hungry himself chances it and wags his tail better treat one of these sly dogs than him—let him but get your wealth up his possession and it is as safe from you as though it were in the sea. We can never rightly understand him, he is like a problem in Euclid, simple enough at sight, but coming more hard study in a session than we at first imagined. He carries simplicity on the surface like a watch, wallet, wheels, pieces and machinery, all on guard in intelligence. He works iniquity as a daily labor, and has no other visible means of employment. If he prospers it is the result of well laid schemes. He is apparently entitled to our confidence, being honest ourselves, we do not suspect. He uses artifice so pain an exalted honor, that he may the better carry out his plans. A pirate on the high seas sails under borrowed colors—leading the wisest astray, and is suffered to pass on. A knave on a land pirate, who, under the borrowed colors of honesty, sails through life—steles with, and defrauds you. He always has the best of it, and you—make what you think so, yet, by a shuffling trick, aided by the law, he will prove himself diagnostically clear and.

Whatever he gains is gained by artifice and fraud. Let him be satisfied, however just your daily dealings with him will be unequal, the time to cheat you. The young sparrow never waited with greater eagerness for the return, than does the knave for the confidence of the unwary.

Make him your bank, you may draw out as your needs, and he will have no further use for them, you are in a wolf trap. His plot is well laid. You deposit in person, he with morning calls upon you ascertain a clique to his interest.

He will not have you lose a farthing, for he tells you so—certainly not, he knows farthings for small villains and jackdaws. He aims for your whole fortune.

Render him service, loan him money, buy his lands, you will be a loser. He knows you to be upright and fair in your dealings, you believe him to be so, and on his frantic character, in confidence, deceives you, is worse than he who, on the highway, gives you choice of the surrender of money or life. The highwayman we may be prepared for, and he meets you on even ground. The knave shoots you from the hedge and rides after nothing.

He forgets what a kindness is, and puts it in the light of an injury and revenges himself upon you for the same. His frantic character, is another, is to him an aching tooth, which he would wrench out. He is no philosopher, for he cannot submit to the ordinances of nature. While contriving against you he pleases you continually, for all you do. Your actions are always construed favorable to his purposes, and he is the only person who can misconstrue all of things. He is an universal disease, requiring a universal medicine. The pillory or hand is not applied in curing the common calamity of this dire complaint if it could be reached.

As an agonizing disease disturbs our slumbers, so does this moral plague infest us, day and night, preventing us from resting by his labors of iniquity.

J. V. W.

FROM THE GIFT, FOR 1845.

SONG OF THE ANGELS.
FROM GOETHE'S FAUST.

BY F. H. HEDGE.

RAPHAEL.

The Sun in ancient wise sings in the sounding
With brother spheres a rival song,
And on his destined circuit thunders along
With thunder-step he speeds along;
The sight grants strength, though genius.
Then angel's clearest thought collapse,
And all thy wondrous deeds declare
Still blown as in Creation's prime.

GABRIEL.

And fiercely, through surpassing, fleetly
The earth's glorious pomp is rounding round
Then Paradise alternates severely
With night unlike and profound;
Here foams the sea, with broad wave breaking
Against the rocks, with them and wave breaking
And rock and sea are swept along
In never-ending, swift, ethereal chase

MICHAEL.

And storms, with roar that howling,
From land to sea, from sea to land,
Still in their might and fury weaving
Of link'd efficacy grand.
A flaming desolation blazes,
Precursor of the Thunder's way;
But, Lord! thy servants use your praises,
The gentle movement of thy day.

THE THREE TOGETHER.

The right gives angels cheer, though greater
No man can fathom it, thy works,
Thy Creation's glorious splendor
Still blown as in Creation's prime.

Tales of Real Life.

ONE NIGHT IN THE LIFE
Of a Man in Business.

FROM BENTLY'S MAGAZINE.

Returning as I sat in my chamber, looking down upon some papers of a perplexing nature, and trying down to a regular unity of the same, a loud knocking at the door, and the voice of the town post-haste from a considerable distance, announced his arrival. I recognized him as a servant of Mr. F——, an eminent Guinea merchant, whose country house was about three miles distant.

This gentleman had been for some time ailing, and so serious was the disorder, that doctors, as well as myself, had been frequently called to draw out forms of his last will and testament in the expectation of his immediate demise. Nevertheless, to the surprise of many, and no heavily did the distance and fatigue of the road frequently annoy his family and consciences press upon his mind, that now for the fourth time I was called to attend upon a deed of settlement.

The messenger, who had come on horseback immediately on making his communication withdrew; and, hastily packing up some blank sheets of stamped paper and parchment, I proceeded to the stable and mounted despatch. While I was about this my letter had been brought from the livery-stable where they usually put up, and shortly after I was ready at the door. My horse was a very fine one, (for I was a great sportsman) and the fleetness of him; he had not been out for two days, and was in excellent spirits and action. I put him up to the trot in one or two turnpike and a gleam, I took my seat, and we started gaily along the town and out along the road.

It was about eight in the evening, and I had a ten-miles' drive before me, very dark, very cold, and very windy. I don't think I passed ten persons after I left the suburbs of the town behind me; all was solitude, gloom, and desertion, save now and then the small relief of the lamps supplied. Nevertheless, we rattled along quite briskly, and I, myself, was in high glee at the prospect of a beautiful tale. I was perfectly well acquainted with the road, and knew it almost as well as the passages of my own house, and shortly after I was at the park